

## Gorgeous Nightmare by AbsinthexMind

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**Summary:**

You knew there would be blood once your brother found out about your date with Steve. What you didn't know was how deep Billy's feelings were for you.

## Gorgeous Nightmare

Why would Nancy dump a great guy like Steve? It was beyond your comprehension. What you did know that Steve had started taking a liking to you. Which says a lot considering his mortal enemy is your older brother Billy. You had apologized to him profusely about Billy's actions, but Steve would only smile at you in such a carefree manner that made his eyes sparkle. You were relieved that he didn't resent you because of your bond with Billy.

"I just can't believe you're related to that douche." Steve wondered allowed one day during lunch. Billy had preferred to spend his lunch time in the company of his groupies. That was completely fine by you as you looked over at Steve, admiring his boyish good looks that made your heart flutter.

You take a contemplative bite of the sandwich Susan had been so kind to make you. "When it comes down to it he's a pretty good brother. He's a shitty person to everyone else, but not to me." Shrugging you offer Steve a warm smile and you could've sworn you caught a flash of pink on his cheeks.

"Well I'll be damned." He chuckles. "There is some good in him after all. Here I thought he was 100% asshole."

Snorting, you cover your mouth as a giggle follows. That makes Steve's smile widen. You stopped when several people walked past the table you and Steve sat at. They eyed the two of you together then would whisper among each other. It was to be expected. Steve had once been king of the school, first brought down a peg by Jonathan Byers and ultimately finished off by your brother as Billy showed off his dominance at the Halloween party a few weeks ago.

To Steve's credit he didn't duck his head or avert eye contact in shame. He held their gazes until they walked away.

"This school just seems to be filled with pricks. My brother hates this place but in actuality he belongs here." Muttering into your sandwich you cast your eyes downward. Billy was probably hanging out at his car right now, smoking with a bunch of slutty girls surrounding him.

The bell rang making dread sink in like a stone in the pit of your stomach. You had been late to lunch as you had had a small fight with your brother. Obviously he had caught on to your little relationship, if you could call it that, with Steve and he didn't like it one bit. Tough tit, you had told him and thus ensued your argument. You knew if Billy was left unchecked that he would take everything out on Steve. He would make his life a nightmare just because he dared to befriend you. According to Billy you weren't allowed to have any male friends. They all wanted one thing, something your brother kept reminding you as if you were a stupid child in need of guidance. To that you told him to go fuck himself.

You were hurriedly packing your stuff, about to bid Steve a farewell before Steve stopped you by gingerly holding onto your wrist. You eye him curiously.

"Hey, so, we've been hanging out for a while." He starts, sweet eyes entirely concentrated on you. "You've been just. . . so amazing. When Nancy broke up with me I gotta admit, I didn't think I would recover. Then you sat down next to me and offered me your fries." Steve laughs a little bit at that before sobering back up. "I know your brother hates my guts. I don't particularly like him either. But I like you. So I was wondering if you'll go on a date with me."

You dropped your books in shock. Loose papers flew out of your notebook and scattered all over the floor as you gaped like an idiot at one of the cutest boys in school.

"M-Me? You. . . Me?"

"Yeah." He runs an anxious hand through his luscious mane and looks shyly over at you. "We can get a bite to eat then maybe see a movie. Generic date stuff."

Students in a rush to get to class trampled over your fallen papers and textbooks but you hardly registered any of that. In the mass of scurrying students, to you it felt like there was only you and Steve in the cafeteria.

“Relax Billy. She’s just a few minutes late. Maybe she made new friends.” You say with a bit of hope lilt in your voice. Knowing how angry your brother got when he was put in charge of your step-sister. He had absolutely no patience for the girl and would’ve readily left her behind had it not been for the looming threat of your father.

“I don’t fucking care.” Billy angrily extinguishes his cigarette with the bottom of his boot. “That little brat better hurry up. I wanna get the hell outta here.”

Rolling your eyes you playfully bump your hip against him. It was something that always seemed to take the edge off of him for some odd reason.

Indeed you saw his tense shoulders slump in a relaxed manner and his facial features soften. Only just a little bit though.

“You’re attitude makes this whole situation a lot worse.” Breathing out a tired sigh you lean against Billy’s car and fold your arms in front of your chest. “We have to make best with the cards we’re dealt with. Besides. . . Hawkins isn’t that bad.”

At that you blush and look down at your scuffed up shoes. You’d be damned if you looked your brother in the eye. You didn’t want to start another fight with him. He’d know immediately what was up. That’s how well Billy knew you. He’d never show it in public, but he was an overprotective, doting, big brother. At least to you. Incredibly hard to believe considering his bad boy persona he portrayed otherwise. You remembered though, any little instance of Billy being a hovering brother when you two were younger. Like the time you were in middle school and a boy forced a kiss upon you. That didn’t fly with your brother. Once he found out he beat the shit out of that poor kid. No boy had tried anything with you since. In California at least. You had a fresh start now. Sure, people thought of your brother as some sort of god among men, but he hadn’t yet scared off all the boys from interacting with you.

Even Steve wasn’t too scared of your brother. Hawkins boys seemed to be made of tougher stuff.

"I guess the chicks here aren't that bad." Billy pulls you out of your reverie. "They're so gullible."

"The boys here are pretty cute too." You catch yourself saying too late.

Billy's eyes shoot at you. Disbelief clear on his face; as if he couldn't believe his baby sister was attracted to someone. "What was that?"

"Oh, nothing." You try and cover up, but the damage had been done.

"No, you said someone's cute. Who's cute? Oh shit-" His face hardens. "Is it fucking Harrington? You gotta be kidding me (y/n). Are you and Harrington-"

"Oh look! It's Max!" You announce loudly and wave your arms so your step-sister could see where you were waiting. Her vibrant red hair bounces as she looks up at you.

"(y/n)-"

You're already making your way to the passenger side door and pulling up the front seat so Max could get in the back; heart pounding all the while. You knew he wouldn't let this go. "Start the car Billy. I thought you wanted to get outta here."

Again another wave of agitation sullies his otherwise charming face as he violently throws open his car door and slams it shut once he's inside. Viciously he honks his horn, urging Max to hurry up as she crosses the parking lot.

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He had to control himself.

But god damn was it hard.

Steve and his sister. Together. The thought of it made his heart ram obnoxiously in his chest and made his breathing come harder.

Like hell he'd let fucking Harrington near his sister.

(y/n) was. . .

The sound of (y/n) talking to Max sounded muffled and far away.

If Steve dared to lay even one finger on her, Billy would see to it personally that all of his fingers were broken. Maybe his neck while he was at it. He knew it was bad news when he caught (y/n) hanging out with him. He knew something like this was bound to happen. Her male friends always did seem to end up liking her more than a friend. It was no surprise to Billy. He couldn't exactly blame her for falling in love with her. Ashamed to admit so, Billy could see the attraction.

(y/n) was. . . Well, Billy couldn't quite place it. He didn't really want to. For some time now he had struggled with this new found attraction toward his sister. When he first realized it, it made him utterly sick with himself. He still knew it was wrong to feel like that for her, but there was no fighting it. He was in love with his sister. Because he loved her so much, he would protect her from himself and never tell her his secret. It would ruin their relationship.

But this?

Billy couldn't accept it. Why did it have to be Steve fucking Harrington?

He looks into his rearview mirror to find that Max is in the process of putting on her seatbelt before putting his car in reverse and slamming on the gas pedal making both girls jump and have to prevent themselves from slamming all about in their seats.

"What the hell Billy?" (y/n) glares at him. Even when she did that she was still cute.

Steve probably thought so too.

The speed dial on his dashboard was going up at a dangerous rate. “You’re not gonna hang out with Harrington again. Is that clear?”

Max eyes her two older siblings nervously as she clutches her skateboard to her lap. She had never seen either of them this mad with one another. What Billy had demanded, Max already knew that (y/n) would not easily obey. Although (y/n) behaved and didn’t behave as callous as Billy, there were just some things that would make her tick. If she was pushed too much, she would snap back and put up a fight. No one was safe when that happened. Not even her beloved brother. And Max was aware that (y/n) and Billy had such a close bond. Even for a brother and sister. Mike and Nancy weren’t as close as they were. Billy was shitty to her, but never to (y/n). Max had always thought it was because (y/n) was his actual sister. There was something else though. A deeper layer that Max’s young mind couldn’t decipher.

“You can’t tell me who I can’t hang out with. You’re my brother, not my boyfriend.” She replies haughtily.

It stung Billy to hear the truth. He didn’t even know how much it would hurt him. Like someone was driving a nail right into his chest. He didn’t like it. He didn’t like that he no longer had his sister’s favor. That she wanted to date Steve. That she wanted to date anyone. A part of him had wished that she would never have any interest in anyone. That she would be his for all their life. Even if he could never tell her how he really felt at least (y/n) would still solely be his. In some way he could have her the way he wanted. That they could one day get a place together, make it an actual home. It wouldn’t be so weird for siblings to live together, right?

The car ride after was silent. No word from anyone with an awkward fog thickening the air. Everyone was on edge. Max was thankful when they finally pulled up into their driveway. (y/n) quickly undid her seat belt and was already out of the car. Max followed after her, not wanting to be left with a brooding Billy. He sat in the car, watching them open the front door and close it with a slam. Instead of going inside, Billy turned his car back on and peeled out of there.

There was no sign of Billy. That was fine by you. You didn't want to see him at the moment. Still mad at the audacity of him to order you around.

You had to calm yourself down before your date. You wouldn't let Billy ruin it.

Running a brush through your (y/n) hair you examine yourself in the mirror. You never really wore much make-up. You were lazy and the hassle of applying anything beyond eyeliner seemed like a pain. Maybe. . . Just this once though. . .

Timidly you walk out of your room and to where Susan was preparing dinner in the kitchen. Max was at the table doing her homework and looked up at your entrance.

"Um. . . Susan?"

She turns at you with a ready smile. Susan was constantly trying to be a good mom to both you and Billy and although your brother thought of her as insufferable you rather liked having a mom again. It felt nice. It made you feel warm that there was someone with such a loving personality that wanted to make you feel like family.

"Yes? Are you hungry? Dinner should be ready in a little while. I wonder where Billy is. . ."

"N-No. I was just. . . Just wondering if you could maybe. . ." Uh-oh, your words were getting stuck in your throat. They just wouldn't come out. "Maybe. . ."

"(y/n) has a date with Steve tonight." Max speaks up.

Susan's eyes widen. "Oh really?"

You nod. Taking a deep breath you go for it. "I was wondering if you could help me do my make-up. I've never. . . I've never had anyone



teach me how to do it. My mom-" You shake your head. You didn't want to finish that thought.

She looked extremely touched that you would come to her for something like that. Like you were finally giving her the chance to be your mom. You swear you even saw a few tears in her eyes as she goes to turn off the stove. "Of course. Yes! Let me get my stuff!" Susan passes you to go to her room.

You turn to Max who rolls her eyes but holds a small smile. "I'm pretty sure you've made her week."

"She's a good person." You nod a bit nervously. "That was super embarrassing though."

"Just wait until Steve comes to pick you up." Max twirls her pencil. "Thank god Billy isn't here."

You hoped that he wouldn't be returning any time soon. If Billy showed up at the same time Steve did, you wouldn't be able to guarantee his safety.

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When your father had come home he had looked utterly shocked at the scene of Susan putting make-up on you. Maybe he would've said something about the clothes you wore and how putting on too much make-up would make you look like a whore, but he saw how happy Susan was to just be doing so little. He was a bastard but he did love Susan. Like any father he asked you questions about your date, about Steve and you told him all you could.

"And where's Billy?"

"He had a fit when (y/n) told him she was going on a date with Steve." Max had finished her homework and was watching everything with mild entertainment.

Neil's jaw twitches at the news. You knew he'd be giving Billy a stern 'talking' to when your brother got home. "He's always been far too close to you."

"Neil. . ." Susan gently pleads with him. "Please."

Even you quirk an eyebrow up at what your father had said. There had been a dark undertone to it. You weren't able to question the issue further as the doorbell rang. Your heart made a small jump in your chest as you nervously get to your feet. Susan's smile returns.

"That must be him." She squeezes your shoulder and goes to the front door to let your date in. Neil makes sure to straighten up and look every bit intimidating. Not that he needed to try.

A few seconds later and Susan is leading a shy looking Steve into the kitchen. To your heart's delight he's holding a bouquet of daisies.

"Hello Mr. Hargrove. I'm here to pick your daughter up for our date." Steve shoots your dad his award winning smile that had one you over in a matter of seconds.

Your dad gives him a quick once over before examining you. Maybe he wanted to voice out how he didn't want you to do anything indecent while you were out. Susan next to you made him purse his lips and consent with a nod.

"Have her home by ten."

"Yes sir." Steve grins, eyes sparkling like a dozen of tiny stars. Remembering what he had in his hands, Steve holds out the bouquet to you. "For you."

There was no way you could hide your burning face as you carefully pull it to your chest. "Thank you. How gallant of you."

"Ugh, can you two get out already?" Max fakes annoyance.

Steve holds his arm out to you and you link your's with his as the two of you head to the front door. Only. . .

It burst open to reveal your brother. All light died inside of you.

One look at Steve and Billy already has the front of his shirt in his hands and lifting him off his feet.

“Billy!” You shriek, dropping your bouquet of daisies in your hurry to pull your brother off of Steve.

Your dad was already pouncing on him to force Billy off. But Billy was putting up a fight, desperate to punch Steve.

“You better stay the hell away from my sister!”

“Stop this right now Billy!” Neil shouts, finally able to rip Billy away and throw him off to his side. However, your brother was back on his feet in a few milliseconds and lunging back to Steve who was trying to usher you back out the door.

“(y/n)!!” Billy yells. “I swear to fucking god Harrington-”

“That’s enough!!” Your dad growls and puts Billy in a headlock. You can’t bear to see what happens next as you and Steve rush out the door.

After that fiasco it had actually been a good date. The two of you forgetting about what had happened at your house. It wasn’t so hard to do. Once you and Steve were away you melted and were able to have fun. Steve didn’t bother to mention it or bring it up, knowing it would ruin the moment. Only when he was driving you back home did he seem to tense up again.

“I’ll understand if you don’t want to talk to me anymore.” You murmur.

He shifts his face to peer at you as he tried to keep one eye on the road. “What are you talking about?”

You wouldn’t bring your eyes up from your lap. “You know. . . Billy

and all that stuff. It'll be hard if you continued to date me, let alone talk to me. I'll understand."

You feel the car pull over and the brake being pulled. "Hey, can you look at me for a second?"

Biting your lip you managed to move your eyes up just in time to find his hands cup both sides of your face as he closes in for a kiss.

It was then that you knew he wouldn't leave. That he would stick by you no matter how much of an asshole Billy was. Steve truly cared for you. A lot. He didn't need to tell you anything.

~

When Steve saw Billy waiting on your front porch he keeps his gaze cool and calm. You however were the complete opposite. You felt your hands tremble and adrenaline fill you. Steve's car pulled up into your driveway.

"You'll be okay, right?" Steve asks you, a bit worried.

You inform him "He wouldn't hurt me." And Billy wouldn't. Not physically at least. "I had a lot of fun tonight Steve. Thanks."

"No problem." Steve holds your hand for a brief moment. "I'll see you tomorrow at school? Maybe we'll talk about another date?"

You grin. "I look forward to it."

Even you weren't fool enough to kiss Steve while your brother stood with a watchful gaze trained on your every move. Although you really wanted to.

Walking up the steps of your porch you catch a better image of Billy as he stood near the porch light. There was a subtle bruise on his chin. You may have been upset with him but that didn't mean that you wanted your father to start beating him around.

"Hope dad wasn't too rough with you." Unable to see anymore bruises on his face at least you reach for the door. "You didn't deserve that. But seriously Billy. You have to chill out about me

dating Steve.”

“So you’re dating him now.” His voice was tight, as if preventing something from slipping out. “It’s official.”

You nod. “He’s a great guy Billy.”

“I don’t care if he’s fucking Prince Charming. He’s not good enough for you.”

“Of course he is.” Glancing at your brother, your hand hovers over the doorknob. “Sure he’s not perfect, nobody is, but he makes me laugh. Makes me feel so happy to have moved here.”

Billy looked down at his feet, the light of the porch making shadows dance on his features and glint off his earring. “I thought I made you happy.”

Speechless you try to grab any word. Anything. “O-Of course you make me happy Billy. But not in the same way that Steve does. Are. . Are you jealous of Steve?”

That made his faint blue eyes flick up at you. He looked like he wanted to protest. Mouth open and indignation flaming on his face. Nothing came out though.

“Billy?”

He brought his thumb up to his lips and bit down hard on it. “God damnit (y/n).”

With only the chirping crickets as witnesses, Billy grabbed you by the waist and kissed you much in the same fashion as Steve had. Tenderness and all.

Your mind reeled, pulling in every direction and asking so many questions.

You didn’t move. You couldn’t move. Something deep inside of you thumped alive. Something you never knew existed. Too afraid to even find out what it was you push Billy away with all your might although he readily let go of you at the first sign of a struggle. You

felt dizzy like he had sucked all the oxygen out of your tiny body.  
That something stirred, lifting it's head up.

That's when you saw him, your brother, your beloved Billy as a  
gorgeous nightmare.

**Author's Note:**

Ending sucks, I'm sorry > >